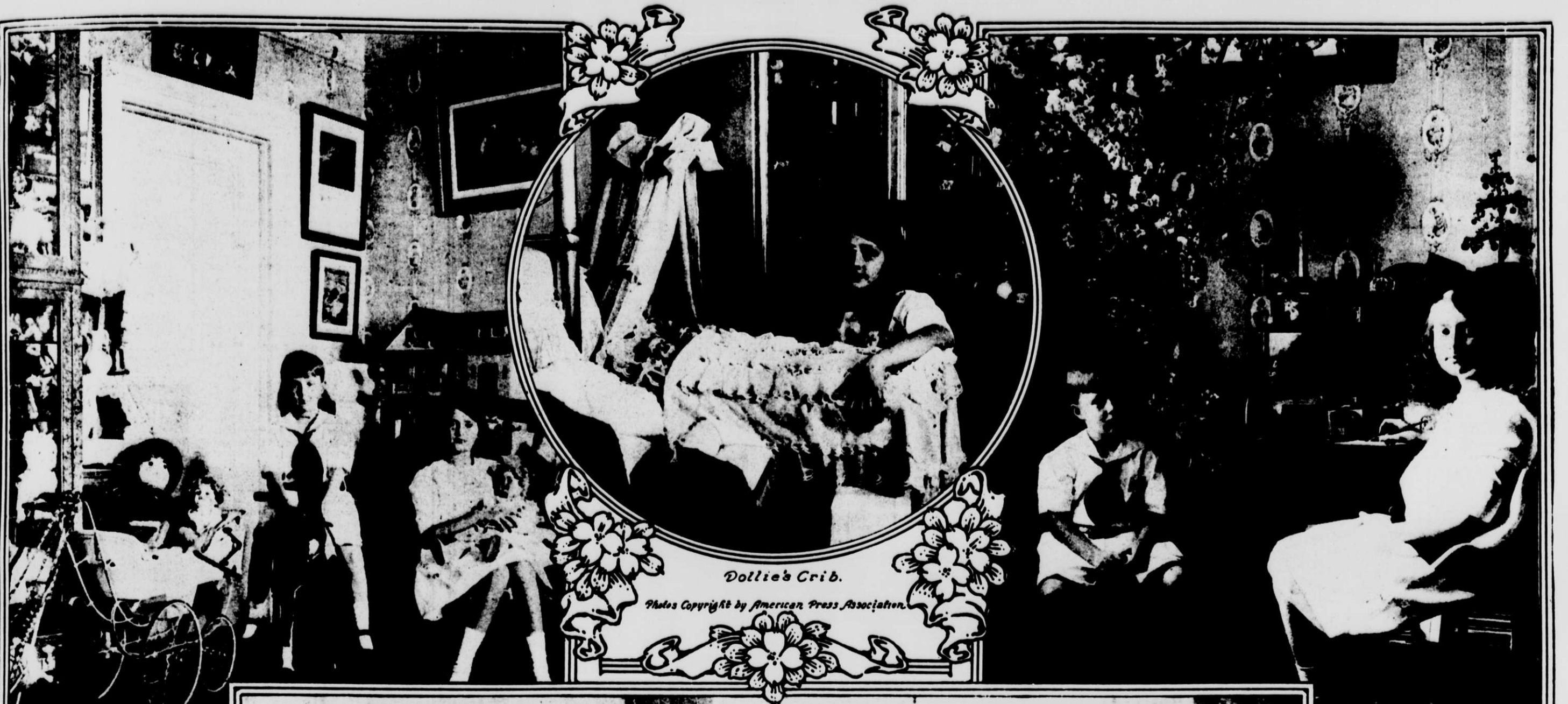


SUITE IN HOTEL A MODEL PLAYROOM FOR THESE CHILDREN

Children of Mrs. Williams Heye Enjoy Themselves in One of the Most Complete Nurseries in Country in Exclusive Fifth Avenue Hotel



Lots of Playthings

LETTER TO HER CHUM FROM SWEET SIXTEEN

I PROMISED to write to you the very first minute I got to New York, and here it is three whole weeks since we left Michigan. How time does fugit, which is Latin for how time flies. We take awfully hard Latin in our grade here in the city. Mother thinks they expect a lot of girls only 16 years old, but 16 does not seem young at all here in New York.

That is one of the first things you notice here. No one has any particular age. When you see mothers and daughters together you can hardly tell which is which, because the girls dress so grown up and the mothers dress so girlishly. I suppose another reason you can't tell the age of the women is because they wear such a thick layer of paint. You know that old house around the corner from the schoolhouse at home? Well, when it got a coat of stucco all over it it looked quite new, except that it leaned sort of spongy even through the stucco. That is the way with women here.

You know how our grandmas always make us put on high shoes and rubbers at home when it rains? Well, I have seen gray-haired women here in New York tramping along through the rain with the thinnest silk stockings and low patent leather pumps on! I have even seen a grandma wearing a real slitty skirt!

I thought of my Grandma Huntington sitting in her nice comfy rocker and telling stories to the kiddies. She is such a dear! If she lived in New York she would have to wear her hair marcelled, fill up the cute little wrinkles in her cheeks with paint, wear a straight front corset and lead a poodle instead of a grandchild. Wouldn't she make a sensation if she should walk down Main street at home all duded up like that?

Another thing that is as hard to get used to here in New York as the ungrateful neighbors is the unneighborly neighbors. People all live in apartments. These are great big houses with lots of families living in each house. You are not supposed to notice that the woman who goes down in the elevator with you in her swell tailored suit is the same one you saw poking her head out of the door next to yours in curl papers to pick up her morning paper, and even when she has met you ever so often in the hall she has that Mrs. Jarley wax work expression on her face.

Aunt Harriet has lived here for years, and she says that it is not considered good form to know one's neighbors in New York. You see they might be thieves and pickpockets, or if you encouraged them too much they might even be borrowed. Aunt Harriet had one neighbor who would borrow eggs of her in winter when they were up to 60 cents and pay them back in the summer when they were down to 30. I shall never forget those plates of golden brown doughnuts that Mrs. Lambert used to bring over to us in baking day. Maybe it was not good form, but it made a great hit with me.

Anyway, though I do not know our neighbors to speak of them, I know a few about them. I have never seen the husband of the curl paper lady, but I know she has one and that he is fat, for I can hear him snore sometimes at night, and I can hear him snore in his sleep. Thin people snore in their sleep, but fat people snore in their sleep. We have a rear apartment, which may not sound very nice, but is very interesting and we can see ever so many people in the apartment across this court. Last Sunday a man in one of the apartments there had twins. I discovered it. I saw a nurse in a white cap running



The Delight of Story Books

around and I heard a very small voice crying, and I saw the father talking with the doctor and showing him a silver bowl in a satin lined box.

Then late in the afternoon I saw the nurse bring a funny roll of blankets and lay it across the father's arms, which he held out very stiff and straight, and then she went and got another roll and brought it, and when those two rolls began to cry in different keys it was the first inkling I had that there were twins. I have named them Alphonse and Imogene.

There are some people across from us who love birds. Every morning they put crusts of bread and a dish of water on the fire escape and hundreds of little birds come there for their breakfast. I call these people "The Bird People."

There are two women I have named "The Book Worms" because they sit and read all of the time. They always wear kimonos.

Father says that perhaps if our neighbors knew that a certain young person was making a study of them they would think me a regular Sherlock Holmes, and father says that as I always see about twice as much as any one else he is going to call me "Surelook" for one of my pet names.

The best way to get acquainted with your neighbors in the opposite apartment is by their shadow pictures. The window shades are rented with the apartment and are very light and thin, so when the lights are on it is just like shadow pictures.

Once I saw a woman showing a new hat to her husband. I guess the price was too high, because he shook his head and she mopped her eyes with her handkerchief. I saw a bride and bridegroom hanging pictures, and he would get half way up the ladder and then stoop down and kiss her. It looked very dangerous!

The twins are doing well, for the nurse had them both in her arms in her shadow picture last night.

There is a woman who is always cooking, and she has such a nice, comfortable, jolly looking shadow that I think the things she cooks are very good.

There is an old maid who washes her own stockings. I can see the shadow of

them on a line across her window. I know she is all alone in the world, for the stockings are all one size and they all look

so forlorn and lonely and dejected.

The next time I write I will tell you about some other queer things I have

seen here. Mother says if father's firm keeps him here in New York you must come to see me next winter.

Do write and tell me all about the girls and boys at home, for I am always your loving

CHUM.

Writing Little Letters

SAMPLES MAKE A NEW GAME FOR CHILDREN

ALL the youngsters are just now seeing who can excel in the grand new game of sample collecting. At that, it isn't merely a game; there is all the excitement of a game about it and something added. Whenever two or three are gathered together the talk turns to samples. Bessie, Tessie and Jessie exchange notes. Bessie has six samples, Tessie has eight samples, Jessie has four; she's just started.

A sample is anything you get for nothing that you'd have to pay for ordinarily. Understand?

A little cake of shaving soap is a sample. The players of the game, whose age sometimes runs as high as 10 years, don't trouble to explain the utilitarian value, to them, of a sample cake of shaving soap; but then sample collecting is not a utilitarian pursuit anyway, and besides the collectors don't know just what the word means.

One little girl who lives in Flushing— and Flushing really is part of New York city, no matter what anybody says—has a collection of samples totaling eighty varieties, very few of them edible—at this writing. Her system is to pore over the back pages of the magazines until she strikes the magic words "free sample." Then she writes for a sample.

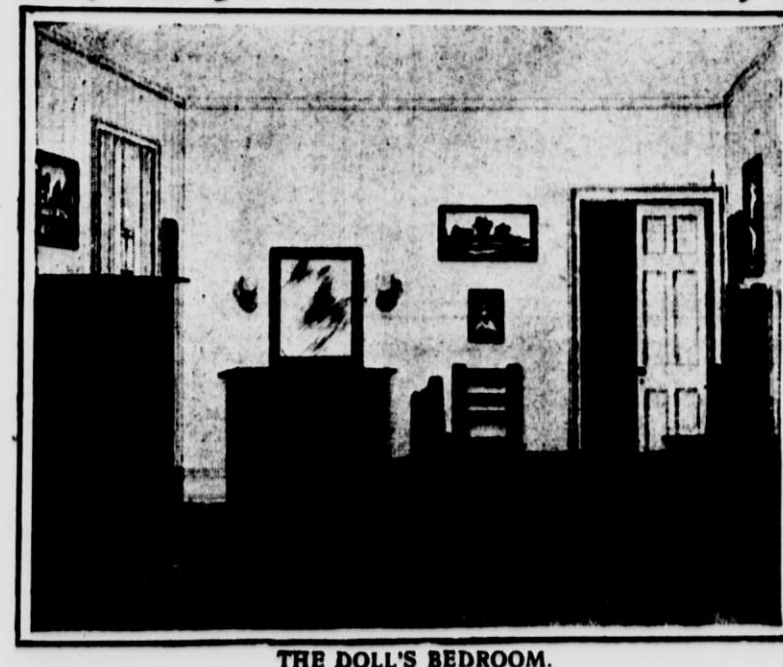
After school hours and all day Saturday there are thousands of sample parties held throughout the land, particularly in and around New York.

The young ladies and gentlemen select a roomy space, lay out their treasures and—brag. When one has bragged to the point where all the others are consumed with envy, one of these latter makes the offer, "I'll give you three post cards and a baseball player for your package of chocolate." If this is the best offer, it probably is accepted, and more bid and ask is indulged in.

Order Your Sunday Sun Doll House Now

Every little girl wants a new and beautifully dressed doll and a completely furnished doll house and The Sun here

offers you this pleasing and practical gift for your daughter. It is called Lettie Lane's Doll House and is on sale in various stores for amounts ranging from seventy-five cents to a dollar. The accompanying photograph gives you but a small idea of the beauty of the interior. The Sunday Sun has obtained a limited number at a cost a little less than the retail selling price and will deliver or mail one to any address within 100 miles for FIFTY CENTS and the attached SUNDAY SUN DOLL HOUSE COUPON.



THE DOLL'S BEDROOM.

SUNDAY SUN DOLL HOUSE COUPON

On presentation or receipt of this coupon and 50 cents The Sunday Sun will give or send by parcel post, to any address within 100 miles of New York City, one Lettie Lane's Doll House. Orders for Canada, European Countries or South America, 50 cents extra to cover postage. Parcel post deliveries outside of 100 miles subject to parcel post postage rate.

Doll House Department,
The Sunday Sun, 170 Nassau Street,
New York City:

Please forward to below address ONE Lettie Lane Doll House:

Name.....
Address.....

Remittances in checks, post office or express money orders should be made payable to "The Sun." When stamps are used please send those of 2 cent denomination.